Exit all but Marcus and Titus.

Marcus. My Lord to step out of these dririe dumps,
How comes it that the subtile Queene of *Gothes*,
Is of a sodaine thus aduanced in Rome?
Titus. I know not *Marcus:* but I know it is,
(Whether by deuise or no) the heauens can tell,
Is she not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turne so farre?

Enter the Emperor, Tamora and her two sonnes, with the Moore at one doore. Enter at the other doore Bassianus and Lauinia with others.

Saturn. So *Bassianus*, you haue plaid your prize,
God giue you ioy sir of your gallant Bride.
Bassi. And you of yours my Lord. I say no more,
Nor wish no lesse, and so I take my leaue.
Satur. Traytor, if Rome haue law, or we haue power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this Rape.
Bastia. Rape call you it my Lord, to cease my owne,
My true betrothed loue, and now my wife?
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while I am possest of that is mine.
Satur. Tis good sir, you are very short with vs,
But if we liue weele be as sharpe with you.
Bastian. My Lord, what I haue done as best I may,
Answere I must, and shall do with my life,
Onely thus much I giue your Grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble Gentleman, Lord *Titus* heere,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the rescue of *Lauinia*,
With his owne hand did slay his youngest sonne,
In zeale to you, and highly mou'd to wrath.

To

To be contrould in that he frank
Receaue him then to fauour *Satu*
That hath expreſt himselfe in al
A Father and a friend to thee an
Titus. Prince *Bassianus* leaue t
Tis thou, and those, that haue d
Rome and the righteous heauen
How I haue lou'd and honoured
Tamora. My worthy Lord if e
Were gracious in those princely
Then heare me speake indiffere
And at my sute (sweete) pardon
Satur. What Madam, be dish
And basely put it vp without r
Tamora. Not so my Lord, the
I should be Author to dishonou
But on mine honour dare I vnde
For good Lord *Titus* innocence i
Whose fury not dissembled spea
Then at my sute looke graciou
Loose not so noble a friend on v
Nor with sowre lookes afflict h
My Lord, be ruld by me, be v
Dissemble all your griefes and di
You are but newly planted in y
Leaſt then the people, and Patri
Vpon a iust suruay take *Titus* pa
And so supplant vs for ingratud
Which Rome reputes to be a ha
Yeeld at intreats, and then let m
Ile finde a day to massacre them
And race their faction and thei
The cruell Father, and his tray
To whome I sued for my deere

C

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